

Stories of the Wandering Bard

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Summary: Hello and welcome. Now we've had fighting dragons training dragons, but what is their origin? What makes each one so uniquely developed? Told by the Wandering Bard, we hope you enjoy will Viking Accuracy, puppets, and-Get down Heartfall! We don't know if these people are good or will burn you and me yet! That was nothing, just a fallen prop good people of Berk! (Spoilers for #2!)

Stories of the Wandering Bard

****Stories of the Wandering Bard: The Origin of Dragons****

"Is that a boat?" the watchman blearily looked into the fog, trying to identify what was out there, but could not until it got closer. That was something he wasn't sure he wanted to happen after the Drago Bludfist incident. He felt a tug on his pant leg, looking sideways he saw his dragon practically begging to play. "Not now, Darkeyes, I'm on watch!" he hissed to the Deadly Natter at his feet, which only whined in response.

The boat, for it was indeed a boat, came out of the fog and halted near the edge of the docks. The smooth lines were very fine indeed with a tall mast and-Triangle Sails?! That was downright unnatural for any boat that had a fine wood carved dragon on its prow! A figure came away from the helm with their hood up on this cold night in a long cloak. He walked across the deck with the grace of an experienced sailor, their walk perfectly in time with the waves at this high tide.

"Good evening. I was hoping to dock here, or if it is too much trouble for you I will be perfectly happy to try and find a place further down on the shore," said the smooth voice that was neither high nor low.

"State your business with Berk first," growled the guard.

"Where are my manners? I am the Wandering Bard. I bring stories,

news, music and a variety of knick knacks to sell at your door. I don't believe that your town is on any of my charts. Could it be that this town is new-Berk, was it?-or am I needing to add to my map of the world?" The stranger said this all in a very polished yet genuine manner. Inclining his head towards the guard to answer their question concerning the town.

"Don't think you've come here at all sir. I would have recognized that ship of yours. What is your main tale to tell if you don't mind me asking? And how exactly did you manage to earn enough money to buy that ship of yours?" the guard asked. He was starting to think that it wasn't a bad idea at all to allow this fellow onto the island, away from the village of course. Not enough room as it was for the ships to collect fish for them all. Though owning your own ship was stretching it for this 'Wandering Bard'.

"I carry messages between islands and villages, and do odd jobs for some," replied the bard.

"What kind of jobs are you talking about?" The guard was once again suspicious.

"Nothing endangering anyone, I swear on Odin's Shield! Some want very particular items is all. Items like a fine dress for their sweetheart, a musical piece made for an event, carrying letters between two that have been forbidden to see one another. By Freya's Sash, I carry only sentimental objects! My main business is story telling," the bard finished firmly.

"Now what kind of stories though? The kind wee kiddies shouldn't hear, or the kind that make folks foolish, wouldn't be wanted here," the guard asked with a hard look in his eye while fingering his battle ax.

"I can see now that perhaps I should try being more assuring in a trade that some would call dubious. As for your other questions, I tell stories about dragons. Their origin, their finders, their songs. Some say it's unhealthy to know so much, but at the same time many can't get enough of it," the bard said to the guard.

"Dragons! Well now, we have plenty stories about them of our own! We are tired of ours though, so tell us yours! Here," The guard had thrust his hand into his pocket and pulled out a book thrusting it into the bard's hands. "We have our whole Compendium of Dragons, our chieftain Hiccup is eager to hear about more, lad. Specially Night Furies, mind you. Now, there's a fine place to land with a sandy beach just beyond those rocks over there. Please go ahead and tell a tale or two about Deadly Natters, you hear? My wife and son love those more than I can say!"

The bard took the book and put it in a pocket underneath their cloak. He nodded to the man who now smiled broadly at the bard. Walking towards the helm once more the bard's long cloak barely gave a stir.

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"One more thing, when can we expect to see your show and hear your tales?" the guard asked with shining eyes.

"I preform at night, using both my ship and the shore for my stage. It may take me a day before I am ready to preform here. Your

chieftain's permission would be highly valued by myself," hinted the bard.

"Oh, of course, of course. I'll talk to him, laddie. Rest assured that people will want you here, with all your tales of dragons. Remember, Deadly Natters!" called out the guard to the bard, who was at the wheel once more. The bard gave a wave farewell to the now friendly guard and began to set sail to the place that had been mentioned.

Hiccup's morning

"Gurrroooowwle."

"Not now Toothless," grumbled 'Chieftain' Hiccup, right before pulling a pillow back over his head.

"Dear, there's something going on that you might want to know," called his mother.

"Mmmh," he got out of bed and walked down stairs to see a group of villagers, including last night's guard, in his family's house.

"Is there a problem?" he asked. The people tried to all talk at once before the night guard was shoved forward.

"Well, last night a stranger came in a boat. Turns out, it's a traveling bard! We talked for a bit and they're staying in a boat down on the shore past the rocks. Thing is, they want your permission before they preform for us and asked me to get it," stated the guard. His young son rushed forward and began to give details.

"He owned his own boat, with triangle sails, and it had a dragon for a mast head! He must be very good! Please, please let us see his show, Chieftain Hiccup. Their know tons of stuff on dragons! Finders, songs, stories everything," the boy was panting by the end.

"The bard said that he knew the origin of the Dragons, chieftain," said the mother. She had wisely put a hand over her son's mouth.

"Well that seems a bit presumptuous," said Valka.

Hiccup thought for a moment. The village had lots of things, but visitors was one of the few things it lacked. It sounded like a good idea; after all, who minded a good story teller or two? It was a good idea. But...

"We'll keep the dragons out of the way until we know his thoughts on them, but still, lets make sure they enjoy their stay. Can't be allow ourselves to be rude, right?" he said with a shrug.

The family rushed off to tell everybody about the Bard's coming. Toothless nudged Hiccup. Hiccup looked to his dragon, who was not at his feet. Hiccup looked left and right and only found Toothless once the saddle was dropped on his head. Laughing, his mother said to go and ride with Astrid as she was right outside and had been for thirty minutes.

The night the Dragon's Origin was told

Word spread fast in Berk, and people gathered to go and see the Bard that night. Most of Berk was walking to the beach with torches in their hands. They saw the beach was a completely different place. The waterline had lanterns floating on it strung together with string and pegged in the ground. Rocks were piled up for seating, and the driftwood so often scattered willy-nilly was in a pile. The boat was in the sea, but a net connected it to the island.

The boat had also undergone a transformation. The sails were bright red and gold, depicting a dragon shooting out its flame. The railing was strung with lanterns everywhere and the mast head that so many had spoken of now was painted with one blue and one green. The bard was nowhere to be found though. A chest was open on the deck, carved into the ship just behind the mast head, where the Bard was obviously not at the moment.

A couple of adventurous kids were about to climb the ropes when a voice from the crowd stopped them in their tracks.

"Now why do you want to go there where I am not?" the voice said smoothly with no tendency to go high or low.

The crowd looked among their numbers confused. The wander was

Suddenly a pipe began to play. A melody was beginning to take shape, and then at the end of this short melody a foot stomped with bells ringing. The bard was on top of the pile of drift wood, wearing a hooded cloak decorated with bells and beads and a strange symbol hanging down in front of their face. The melody began again and at the end of it the bard stomped. A variant began of the tune and people kept time with their hands and pounded their feet.

The tune stopped without warning. The pipe was returned to the cloak the bard wore. The citizens of Berk were all standing in a half circle around the pile of wood, watching the Bard.

"I think we all know where I am now," said the stranger with a smile to the children on the edge of the crowd.

The crowd laughed at this little joke while the bard pulled from their feet a stringed instrument. They jumped off drift wood just as it burst into flames, the crowd quieted with wide eyes.

"So," said the bard, "who wants to know the origin of dragons?"

Without a pause the story began in song.

The melody began at a slow place in a low voice, forcing people to listen for the mysterious first verse on the boat.

****The Origin of Dragons****

Once long, long ago, a star fell down to earth. This fallen star was the first of the dragons-

A spirit of wind, fire and water that now took physical shape for this plane of existence.

These fallen stars took on aspects that would help them survive on the unforgiving earth of yore.

Once these dragons were established, they called their eggs down from the sky, protected by meteors.

Where you find a meteor, there an egg will be inside it, a replica of some other dragon elsewhere.

That is the Origin of Dragons.

The lively second verse was told in a loud fast tempo and by jumping to the shore from the mast head the bard, spooking the villagers.

****The Origin of Humans****

Once long ago, as the gods decided to walk among the Earth they created, they notice something.

They had made no people to inhabit the earth, and decide to make their own race to occupy it.

Using one another as models to make the new race, the humans were sculpted from the Earth.

The gods decide that living separate from humans would let them experience the world better.

The humans were left on there own in a way that would let them live in the sun's light and the moon's shadow.

That is the Origin of Humans.

The third was at a medium tempo in the limbo between the boat and shore, that made others feel sad without the song saying so itself.

****Of Humans and Dragons.****

The Dragons were older than the humans and lived on the Earth far longer.

The Humans, who were made of the Earth, had not known anything that was farther.

A debate ensued among the races angering the gods who then cast their magic.

Humans and Dragons no longer can speak the same language making communication tragic,

And thus they now live in a way that neither can truly own the earth by their selves,

Dragons fly, water and sky.

Humans run, moon and sun.

Humans, Dragons, will it ever end?

This is the world we live in.

The people were captured by the unusual dance and song by the bard. It didn't seem like the moon had even moved yet it was quite late. Children began to rub their eyes and were taken home. The beach soon emptied itself out

Hiccup, Astrid, and the gang walked up to the Bard's ship. The bard looked down to the group and gave them a wave up. The lack of having Toothless to get around on meant a rather ungraceful ascent to boat for peg-legged Hiccup. Once on board, the work of staying upright was child's play to any self-respecting person of Viking upbringing.

The whole boat was designed differently from most ships they had previously encountered. For one, there was the matter of the way to get bellow decks. On first glance, there wasn't any. Then Snotlout tripped over a metal ring set into the deck.

"Ah, I see you have found the way bellow decks," said the bard smoothly. They all laughed, stating the obvious with this one was liable to be an ongoing joke it seemed. Their voice didn't change in the slightest when they said, "Please don't go down there, inviting you onto my ship is different than giving you a tour. Same for everyone else... I like my privacy."

The groups laughter quickly died. The bard pulled some pillows out of their chest that was carved into the masthead before sitting down themselves. They gestured for them to make themselves comfortable. Ruffnut and Tuffnut fought over which pillow was theirs and other petty squabbles while Astrid sized the newcomer up. Small, hooded, currently barefoot and yet not seeming to change the fact anytime soon, with a hard-to-tell-if-its-a-joke personality. Finally, someone more interesting than the sheep they eat.

"I must ask, which one of you is Hiccup? The brown haired boy with green eyes is my first guess," the bard said calmly. After gauging there reactions it was obvious

"Wait, how did you know he was Hiccup? Do you like, have telepathy or something?" Snotlout asked.

"I simply looked at the one with the most leader-like look,. I wouldn't have let you on my ship if I didn't think that one of you was the chieftain," said the bard mysteriously.

"And you determined this how?" Hiccup asked.

"You stayed behind and no one said anything, a group staying behind would raise some eyebrows this late. It didn't, so one of you had to be someone that couldn't be questioned at all," explained the bard.

"A very good point," Astrid said. She was beginning to not like this stranger.

The bard's head moved slightly and then soft laughter. "I promise not to attempt conquest of your village or ruin the relationship between the two of you. Is that enough to get you to stop glaring at me? I'm

afraid I can't specify who you are as I don't know any of your names," the bard was now a lot friendlier, with a light tease in his voice.

"Whoa, even a stranger could tell that your totally hot for each other, Astrid," Tuffnut said.

"Shut up, Tuffnut," said a bored Ruffnut.

"Make me, Ruffnut," Tuffnut growled.

"He's just an immature idiot, babe," Snotlout attempted

"You're gross, Snotlout," Ruffnut said.

"Everyone be quiet! We're guests!" shouted Fishlegs.

"I'm Fishlegs," he said. There was a long pause until something clicked in the bard's mind.

"I happen to be named Yule. Now that we have that all settled... Tuffnut, Ruffnut had the blue pillow first. Ruffnut, Tuffnut had the yellow pillow first. Snotlout, please refrain from flirting on my ship. Fishlegs, you may sit down now. Astrid, Hiccup, is there a purpose for this visit by a clan's chieftain and his five main allies?" Yule was very good at observing in a way that was like multitasking with his eyes.

"Yes, we were coming to see if there was anything you needed. A lot can happen out at sea," said Hiccup.

The cold night air made others shiver yet even barefoot the bard had not yet looked cold in the slightest. The gentle sway of the ship would lure many to sleep given time, so both parties attempted to make the effort to let the other have some rest by cutting it short. The pillows tended to slide around on deck making it very difficult to make things serious. No matter what though the hood was too low to let someone on the Berk's side see the person's face. Most of the stranger in fact was hard to make out, the cloak could be buttoned down all the way to the knees and was.

"I trade from around an hour before sunrise to two hours after. I'll preform after sunset for the whole village. Also try not come until late evening for spots, it takes me a while to set up. I sleep during the day if my schedule seems odd. I will pay for all of my meals here, no exceptions. Are there any rules or customs I must know about? I don't wish to offend anyone in ignorance," Yule finished.

Hiccup thought it was a good idea. It wasn't unreasonable demands, who didn't like some privacy? A bard was always a good idea for a bunch of people who lived on an island keeping what most people considered as dangerous beasts as pets to know someone from the outside. A sheep or two between friends wasn't a bad thing. If Yule was always as good as tonight's show was then let him stay by all means.

"Sure, we'll let everyone know. Where did you learn that song of the origin of dragons if you don't mind me asking?" Hiccup inquired.

"I wrote it myself," replied Yule.

"Wait, so we just go robbed?" asked Ruffnut.

"Come on tell us something true for once," Tuffnut demanded.

"I made the song, but the tale is true, or as true as they come. I heard the story when I was young in my village," said Yule.

"You're performing for an entire village for free?!" said Astrid baffled, still on the performance part.

"It is my pleasure to perform," the speech was interrupted by the Bard's stomach growling. There was an embarrassed shuffle by the hooded person before they began again. "A lot can happen at sea. Including the lose of many supplies except fishing nets."

"Well, any requests?" Hiccup asked seriously.

"If you have goat cheese, bread, and some greens that can be spared, I would be very appreciative. If I eat any more fish, I may grow a tail and waste this boat." The group laughed at the joke.

"Ok, we'll also throw in a sheep every 3 days," Hiccup said

"Thank you. Oh, and I nearly forgot, I don't trade between islands anything living. That includes livestock, dragons or slaves." The last two on the list made the people from Berk shocked and it showed on their faces. Before letting anyone saying anything, Yule held a hand up. "I have had experience and simply did not wish to have any misunderstanding. It improves my opinion on your village greatly, not to say that it was ever low. I am only glad that there is no opportunity for a practice I dislike immensely," the Bard Yule said with a shiver. Yule drew pulled his cloak tighter as if trying to ward away bad memories.

"Its late, you guy should probably sleep," said Yule kindly.

"So if you sleep during the day, does that mean that you can see in the dark like the Night Glowers?" asked Fishlegs eagerly.

"I am human, I can't see in the dark. However it begs the question; what counts as dark to one that can see through it?" Finally, a riddle, one of the thing that makes a bard a bard.

"What?" Well, that's everyone except Hiccup and Astrid stumped. Astrid began to herd the group to the netting. Tuffnut fell through into the ocean. That certainly woke him up.

"I think! I think! I think," Fishlegs strained.

"Go get some sleep. It would be counter productive to figuring out the riddle if your brain cannot process the question," the bard said knowingly, standing up as he did so.

The group walked away from the boat in a zigzag. Yule went down the net to uproot the stakes in the ground. After climbing back up on to the ship, Yule waited until all of the group went around the bend. There was a quiet sigh of relief by the hooded figure. A low growl came from beneath the decks causing the bard to turn.

Yule took off her hood revealing her dark green eyes and white hair that went back to her ears. She walked over to the trap door beneath the decks, once there she gave a low whistle. The trap door opened from the inside and a large white, scaly, face with large pink eyes poked itself out. "Hey girl, wanna go for a swim or a flight? You're getting big, Heartfall. I don't think I can get a bigger boat," The dragon gave a quick swish of her tail at her owner, tripping Yule up.

"That's what I thought," said Yule as Heartfall got herself out of the bellow decks and pinned her owner down.

"Get off me. We can't go flying if your pinning me down," exclaimed Yule laughing.

Heartfall was a pure white dragon with the shape that most would associate with dragons even as it was the least common shape. Large leather wings protruding from her back, back legs and fore legs like a cat, a long spiny tail, a thick neck, two backwards curving horns on its head, with a pointed face covered from tail to nose in the same white scales. On its chest was the symbol the same one that hung on her master. The dragon was far from being full grown and yet was many times bigger than its owner. Yule climbed in between the two horns on its head and simply held on.

With only a few wing beats they were off, turning away from the land and skimmed the waves. They turned upside down, spinning through the air just above the waves feeling the spray in their faces. Then it was up, climbing higher and higher on thermals until they were nearing the stratosphere, above the cloud cover of that night. Yule took a deep breath, feeling the cold wind blow through her hair was something that she would never forget. Turning over so that her back was nestled into Heartflight's neck she watched the stars.

No matter how fast the landscape shifted. Even on dragon back the stars never moved, one constant that never changed. Why did those dragons stay up there and why did the other dragons have such an interest in Earth? Yule remembered when she had found Heartfall's egg, and then banished the thought, as the past would never come into the present if she could help it.

Yule felt Heartfall move beneath her and held on for dear life. Heartfall had clasped her wings to her body and shot down to earth letting Yule experience something she liked to call free fall. This is part of where Heartfall got her name: heart stopping while free falling. At the last possible second Heartfall unfurled her wings. They shot up again, Yule's delighted cries lost to the wind.

Heartfall leaned her head back and shot out a jet of flame, while Yule sang a high but pure note. The white dragon and its rider only dark silhouettes on the moon. Then they descended into the waves, where Heartfall's other talent was presented. Her fore legs pressed against her sleek body and her hear went higher. Her wings shifted to their second position, they went perpendicular to her body and caught the wind. With a tail for a rudder, a dragon for a navigator, and a human for a captain for this was a TRUE dragon ship.

Yule smiled as she stood with her hands on both of Heartfall's horns.

The sea was mostly calm today so it would be okay to examine the book the guard had given her last night. It was time to know how much this village knew about dragons. Her brow furrowed after one page, soon she was sitting up in alarm simply flipping through the pages glancing only at the bottom.

"Extremely dangerous-kill on sight. Extremely dangerous-kill on sight. Kill on sight. Kill on sight. Kill on sight," muttered the bard. She let Heartfall drift meaninglessly for a while in silence. She turned over and began to pet Heartfall's head.

"I'm sorry. I know that I really shouldn't get either of our hopes up. That maybe the next island or two over will be different. A dragon utopia, where the people are fully adjusted to having dragons as friends. Like that will ever really happen... I haven't seen you in any book though, so that's one good thing, no one's practiced exterminating your kind. No one's even heard of them in fact. I still don't know the name," Heartfall moaned dejectedly after Yule said it. "I know, I know. We need to think positive, one day at a time. The moon's not anywhere close to setting, we can stay out for a lot longer."

The dragon and it's master played for many more hours, trying to make the night last. Hoping that against all arguments it could last forever. At last when the moon was twelve clicks over the horizon they turned back to the boat. Once on the boat sank in the water considerably. Yule lifted the hatch remorsefully having to put her dragon in hiding yet again.

It broke Yule's heart every time the sun was about to come up. Doggedly she put up her hood once more. If her best friend never saw or felt the sun's warm rays, then neither would she. "Music soothes the savage beast alright," thought Yule, watching people line up on the beach to trade. Unlike the people of this island though, she thought the beast was man.

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><p>* Italics= Story-time! :)
* Pipes= not the kind you smoke out of but the kind you play music on
>* Square sails Vs Triangle sails: Square sails are bigger but Triangle sails can go more into the wind without losing their power
* If I haven't mentioned it, !**SPOILERS for #2**!

Now please read and review so that I know I am doing this right. If you have an idea on what story you want to come next I'll use it! Note there's the stories the bard tells, and the story of the bard that does not get told. Also note that this is meant to be purely ridiculousness that only exist in my mind as misunderstanding over misunderstanding accumulates into one big fat laugh... So just keep laughing and it will all be alright!

End
file.